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EDITORIAL

This month at *Club*: Drunk at Britain's Got Totty party. Try to get Angel Long to write column. Nice letters from Armed Forces. Nasty letter from regular correspondent with no concept of magazine budgets or what's legal on top shelf. Drunk at work. Missed call from Sandy (damn). Got call from Stella (yay). Record postbag for Sasha. Art Editor Jon nicks bag of Sports Mixture from Editor's desk. Art Editor Jon sent to Co-Op for replacement. And breathe... ♣

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PAUL RAYMOND
40 YEARS OF CLUB

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LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
My boyfriend Brent has a one-man gardening business and he's always at work at first light. I felt deprived of his morning glory, so one day I surprised him at work. I put a robe on, drove around until I saw his van, then threw it off and strutted naked to the centre of the lawn he was watering.

He looked a little shocked so I told him to lighten up, as nobody was around to catch us right now. So he laughed and, as I danced, shaking my tits and arse, he turned the hose on me, sprinkling my body with a cool mist of water.

We sunk down on the wet grass, me naked, him with his hard-on sticking into me. Only when he paused, to raise my legs up for a deeper screw, did we notice we had a voyeur – the bloke who owned the place was on the patio, telling him to finish fucking me and get back to work.

Brent panicked, but not enough to wilt his hard-on, so I told him to get on with it too. The guy seemed more amused than annoyed to find us there. He was walking toward us now, hand in his jeans, jerking away, saying I had the perkiest tits he'd seen in a long time. Brent bowed his head to take a suck on them, show him they were sensitive as well as sexy. Then he went back to fucking me hard, really giving his client a show.

Now he pulled out, shoving my legs right up and back, tilting my hips as I held myself

STIRRING PORRIDGE!

Dear Club,
I was sorry to hear about lovely Jenny Laird going to prison. I did a bit of reading around it but overall I just felt really sad that a gorgeous girl like her would have her career cut short just as she's coming into her own. I can only hope and pray that you've stockpiled lots of photosets of her to tide us over until she's free and modelling again.
Mark, Uttoxeter

Annoyingly, last month's cover was the last photoset of Jenny we had in stock. We hadn't built up a backlog because we didn't have an inkling that she wouldn't be at liberty to shoot any more. Obviously, we're kicking ourselves now. That and trying to sneak a camera into her wing…

GO HARD OR GO HOME!

Dear Club,
I'm a long-time *Club* reader, and I still love the mag, but I have to say I've become increasingly annoyed with all the 'see the harder pictures online' stuff in all the Paul Raymond magazines. My corner shop sells hardcore magazines, so why can't you put some harder stuff in, instead of trying to make us go on the internet – which I don't even have!
Simon, Wiltshire

A point well made Simon, and we do get the odd letter about this. But we need to point out something very important – hardcore and US mags are available in independent retailers, but you can't get them in any of the main newsagent chains – WH Smith, for example – and we get the vast majority of our sales from those chains. If we went hardcore, the few extra sales we might get would in no way make up for the fact we wouldn't be able to sell them in the places we sell most of our magazines! So we're sorry, but if we went hardcore, we'd go out of business.

open. Then he jacked himself and let the jizz spurt out to splatter on my well-pounded twat.

The bloke had dropped his shorts by now, and was wanking a good-sized cock. I've never cheated on Brent, but I seriously considered it right then. As it was, there was no time to ask him to join in. As he stood over me, I felt a couple drops of cum hit me, followed by a hot stream of the stuff, coating my tits in pearly-white.

The guy said that was what he called a garden feature, but the next time we should, "keep it the fuck off of his lawn".

So we're taking it as an invitation to fuck anywhere else on the property the next time I pay Brent an on-the-job visit – I've got my eye on the swimming pool. Maybe I'll suggest to Brent that we make it a threesome – and not just because it could be good for business!
Paula, East Anglia

PHOTOS: HICKS PHOTO

TÉA TIME TREAT

Dunk your biscuits in this...

You can tell the popularity of a beverage – approximately, mind you – by how many models name themselves after it. We don't think we've ever had a Coffee or an Ovaltine grace these pages, but stacks of Téa's and Tea's.

Fittingly enough, this Téa, a cutie of Californian stock,is hot enough to leave our bags looking empty and shrivelled, just like the office PG Tips when we've had to re-use them for the 5th time due to budget cutbacks.

We asked Téa whether she was an Earl Grey or a Lapsang Souchong girl, but she just gave us a withering look and told us she only drank cocktails. Figures... ♣

TÉA

The World Athletics Championships

Watching people doing athletics is almost as healthy as doing it yourself. Well, that's what Matt Loxham tells us anyway, and with him bollocking on about this year's World Championships being a must-see in that it pitches our Team GB hopefuls up against the best on the planet we're only too happy to agree.

The Lowdown

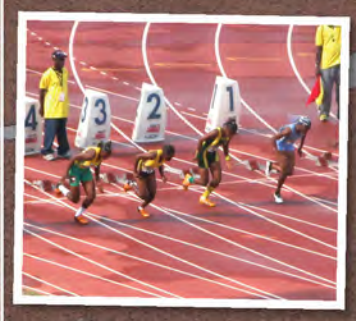
With the London Olympics just over a year away, interest in British athletics is at an all time high. Many of the track and field sessions were heavily oversubscribed in terms of ticket applications, and with the lucky million or so who were successful recently finding out exactly what and who they're going to be seeing in 2012, many will be keen to see how the key home competitors are measuring up.

The 13th World Athletics Championships, which is set to kick off in Daegu, South Korea, on the 27th August, will be the perfect place to do just that, with many of our medal hopefuls for London taking part and looking good for a place on the podium. Alas, after struggling with injury and illness it's looking like our golden girl, Paula Radcliffe, won't be involved, but here are a trio of British athletes who will be facing their toughest test yet in their preparations for Olympic glory.

Mo Farah

Born in war-torn Mogadishu, Somalia, and raised in the country's capital, Djibouti, a city on the cusp of civil conflict, Mohammed 'Mo' Farah arrived in Britain aged eight to be with his father, who was working as an IT Consultant in London.

Barely able to speak a word of English – he was armed with three phrases 'Excuse me', 'Where's the toilet?' and, rather unhelpfully, 'C'mon then' - Farah by his own admission struggled both socially and academically, although he ultimately found salvation through his talent for running. At age 13 the naturally pacey youngster desperately wanted to play on the wing for Arsenal, but his PE teacher and mentor, Alan Watkinson, managed to persuade Mo that his future was on the track, and he's been proven right in spectacular fashion. Despite visa problems caused by his immigrant status when attending several international championships and training camps as a teenager, having to work in a fast-food restaurant after leaving school to pay his way, and struggling financially during the early part of his career – Paula Radcliffe paid for Farah's driving lessons so he could get to training – Farah has risen through the ranks to be considered one of Britain's best track athletes of all time. It all sounds a bit like a movie plot, but this all happened for real, and when he won gold in both the 5000 and 10,000 metres at the European Championships in Barcelona last year he finally turned his ability into a place on the top step of the podium at a major event.



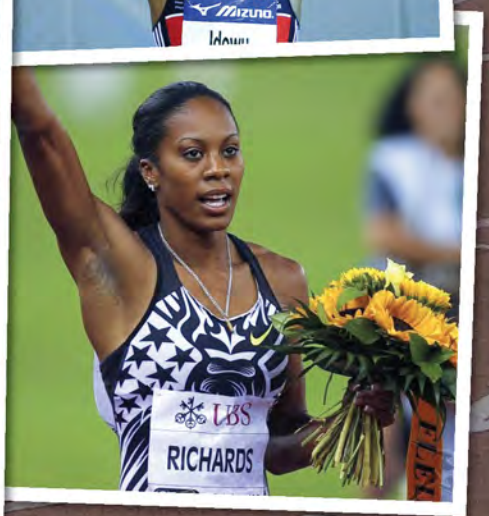
Can he continue the fairytale at the World Championships? Well he'll have to beat the mighty middle-distance Africans to do that, but only a fool would write off a Mo Farah who is currently in the form of his life and doesn't know the meaning of the word 'quit'. Needs a dictionary, then.

Jessica Ennis

Despite enduring several serious injuries in a frustratingly stop/start career, Sheffield's Jessica Ennis is the reigning World Championship Heptathlon gold medallist after topping the podium in 2009. Ennis also followed up with the European crown in 2010 and, fitness permitting, she'll be looking to make it a hat-trick of sorts in Korea this year. Not bad for a 25 year-old, and a girl who was only encouraged to take part in athletics because, as she says herself, 'her mum and dad wanted her out of the house'.

Jessica's achievements in the notoriously demanding seven-event discipline have seen her voted to third place two years running for the Sports Personality of the Year Award. Who knows, if she bags gold at the World Championships then she might just become the first woman to win the prize since Zara Phillips back in 2006.

Go on Jessica, show us your Ennis.



Philips Idowu

Hackney hop, skip, jumper Philips Idowu was criticised early on in his career for being

inconsistent. One theory is that he found it tough to follow in triple-jump legend Jonathan Edwards' sandprints, another is that in the past he didn't take the event seriously, but the fact is in recent years Idowu has overcome his patchy form problems to become considered the best in the world. Indeed, the lanky Londoner lambasted his critics with a run that included silver at the Beijing Olympics in 2008, and, like Jessica Ennis, gold at both the World Championships in 2009 and the Europeans in 2010.

However, victory in Korea won't be easy, as Idowu will be lining up against two hugely talented pretenders to his throne in France's Teddy Tamgho and an old rival from the past in Sweden's Christian Olsson. If all three avoid injury and make the World Championships it should be a thrilling contest, with Jonathan Edwards long-standing record of 18 metres 29 centimetres under threat.

Other Business

Aside from cheering on the Brits, there's a whole load more events happening at the World Championships that should provide thrilling clashes between some of the best athletes ever to grace the sport. Here are the pick of the bunch.

Men's 100 Metres

No surprises that this one is in our list, especially considering that the event is likely to pitch the almost superhuman Jamaican Usain Bolt against resurgent American Tyson Gay, a man who actually achieved the unthinkable last year in Stockholm when he comfortably beat an (albeit ailing) Bolt over 100 metres.

In a discipline where injuries are commonplace – both Gay and Bolt have been blighted by various tweaks, strains and pulls in recent years – the key to this potentially explosive head-to-head is getting the two athletes to the blocks in peak fitness. If this happens, expect fireworks.

> **"Only a fool would write off a Mo Farah who is currently in the form of his life"**

Women's 200 Metres

America's Alyson Felix is in many ways the female equivalent of Usain Bolt such is her dominance of her event, although Felix's distance of choice is over 200 metres. She bagged gold at the World Championships in 2009 and then followed up as part of the 4x400 metres relay team,

but with her intimating that she's going to focus solely on the solo 200 event this time around, she's going to be difficult to beat. However, with current Olympic and World 100 metre champ Shelly-Ann Fraser-Pryce returning from a ban for failing a drugs test and intending to compete in the 200 in Korea, Felix won't have it all her own way.

Men's 110 Metre Hurdles

With its falls, trips, clattered obstacles and all action style, the 110 metre hurdles is always an entertaining event to watch for the neutral, but in Korea it's also likely to be the most competitive race of the championships. After winning all his outdoor races in 2010, America's David Oliver was recently toppled off his perch by China's former World Record holder Liu Xiang. Add to the mix the current World Record holder, Cuba's Dayron Robles, and you've got a fascinating three way scrap for the title. Against this calibre of opponent, Britain's Andy Turner will do very well to make the final. ♣

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

We don't grumble at grumble...

RATINGS: ★ REBEL YELL ★★ COCKNEY REBEL ★★★ REBEL REBEL ★★★★ TEEN REBEL ★★★★★ REBEL MC

Teen Rebel
(Harmony)

We were sucked right into this by the gorgeous Little Caprice on the cover. Well, there's some bad news – she doesn't get within a country mile of a penis in this otherwise fine 'sex documentary'. That said, her colleagues more than make up for that. *Club* fave Syren Sexton gets drilled inside and outside, Russki Ivana opens her iron curtains (and her other curtains, whatever they're called) for three dicks at once. Best of all is the petite Ferrara Gomez making a brave effort to take more than 1/3 of Danny D's huge dick up the bum. Oh, and Little Caprice in a decent threeway lez-fuck. Dick or no dick, she's a winner. ★★★★

Tara's Titties
(Digital Playground)

Most porn plots are so basic and repetitive that, these days, we don't bother in the slightest with them. Not that we were ever hooked on the dialogue and plotting of porn films, then going down the pub to discuss them with our mates like after seeing *Memento* or *Inception* for the first time. But now we couldn't care less. And who needs to when a film like this provides a) a plot and b) Riley Steele, Brooke Banner, Madison Ivy, Francesca Le and Madelyn Marie getting fucked and jizzed in? Just opt for b all the time and you'll be a happy porn punter. ★★★

Asian Mouth Club
(Madness Pictures)

The bread and butter of porn, of course, isn't the aforementioned plot-heavy movies, although they're the ones that get all the awards. No, it's your meat-and-2-veg vignette films, and while they haven't evolved much over the years, they haven't really needed to. After all, a blowjob film doesn't need bells and whistles – it needs a good-looking chick sucking dick effectively and attractively. Here we've got a bunch of pretty Asian girls doing just that. It's on the short side – only 5 girls – but each get their chance to shine, polish dick and get their creamy reward. Pick of the bunch? Jessica Bangkok. We'd tap her fortune cookie any time. ★★★★

PHOTOS: VLT

GOT IT LICKED!

Stella samples some slit...

Club favourite Stella likes to make a reappearance in the pages that made her name from time to time – but she prefers it if she can bring a friend with her.

So say hello to Kathy as well, although if she doesn't reply, she doesn't mean to be ignorant. It's just that her mouth will be occupied with sucking on Stella's sweet tits and then feasting on her juicy fuckhole. We understand.

Stella hasn't much to say either, other than a muffled 'Hi' as she works Kathy's clit with her tongue then stuffs her tongue deep into her pussy. Still, it's the thought that counts... ♣

STELLA & KATHY

POPSHOT CULTURE!

THIS MONTH, ALL THE PORN WAS TAKEN OFF THE INTERNET. JUST KIDDING! THERE'S MORE THAN EVER. LET MATT SANDERS SHOW YOU WHERE TO SNUFFLE FOR IT...

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 12 – Jewel De'Nyle

Depending on how you look at it, the lady with either the best or worst nom de plume in the biz (see what she did there?) was undisputable at one thing: being a fucking brilliant porn star. Her curvaceous hooters, winning smile and lustful performances made her a stand-out bongo-star, and the two years she spent in a relationship with über-woodsman Peter North meant that many of her onscreen shags ended up with her taking the gloopiest of loads to that pretty face.

De'Nyle was born in 1976 and, although American, has traces of Sicilian, Spanish, English and Native American ancestry in her genes. When she'd had enough of sliding around on meaty poles in front of the camera, she took to directing adult movies, and to date has directed 72 of 'em. She also co-founded Platinum X Pictures, so she's got some business nous about her for sure. And even though she's appeared in over 250 dirty movies, we'd still like to see that wicked grin get bubbly from man-muck one more time. So this is a call to Jewel: get your ass back in front of the camera one more time for us, love.

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Geena Davis

Yeah, yeah, this column can come across a little cruel at times, we know. The sad fact is, if you're a bloke with a penis that gets hard at the sight of lovely women, it's less likely to get hard at women born in the 1950s as it is at women born in, say, the 1980s. But when it WAS the 1980s, we were all over women born in the 1950s. It's all about gravity, wrinkles, skin and the like, and it's horribly unfair. Look at Geena Davis, for instance. When she starred in *Thelma and Louise* in the early 90s, she bunked up with Brad Pitt in a sizzling sex scene (yep, we still use that phrase from time to time) and who'd have thought, twenty years later, that Brad's still a heart-throb while Geena's looking... well, a little frumpy. I mean, you still WOULD but it would have been more fun to have a go on her back in the day. As plenty of other blokes obviously also felt (she's been married four times). Oh well, for a lass in her mid-fifties, she's still getting roles and spruces up pretty well. Gotta give her credit for that. And curse you, Father Time, you unutterable prick. Curse you!

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

Parody Down

A quick look at the slate of porn movies released in the past couple of months show a trend that won't quit: XXX parodies. Who are the people lapping these films up? Are they more acceptable to mainstream punters cos they can laugh at the cheap production values (while having a sneaky one off the wrist when no-one's looking)? Who knows? But they're unstoppable. Recent films to undergo the treatment (either released or in production right now) include *Star Wars*, *Ghostbusters*, *Anchorman*, *Bridesmaids*, *Supergirl*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Romeo & Juliet* and, most bizarrely of all, *Mork & Mindy*. Good luck tweaking one off to a Robin Williams lookalike screaming "Nanoo Nanoo!" while he pops on some bird's face.

Open Hartley Surgery

Legendary (and still active) porn star Nina Hartley recently (successfully) underwent a very complicated surgical procedure to have a uterine fibroid tumour removed, and has let fans know that everything went tickety-boo. "They had hoped to do it via laparoscope but were unable," she told AVN. "They did a traditional low-bikini incision; the operation took seven hours and they removed a seven-pound mass, the size of a healthy newborn baby. There were complications and I received two pints of blood." Despite the horrors that conjures in the mind, Hartley says she'll be back in action for shooting sex scenes by August. What a trooper – you go, girl!

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

Exotic (i.e. multi-racial) Californian Miko Lee has been in the biz for a good few years now, having begun fucking on film in the mid-nineties. She took a break for a while but is back, producing and directing as well as appearing in grumble movies, and the 30-something starlet is blasting away on Twitter to keep fans interested in her work. She's well worth following, cos she updates regularly with self-snapped mucky photos (fantastic big ol' tits) and isn't shy about sharing photos of her snatch online too (like some of these girls weirdly are). You also get to hear all about her exploits diving with sharks, which seems to be Miko's great passion in life. That's all well and good, but we're slightly more interested in the ones where she shows her fanny being electro-shaved. Here are a few of her choice tweets from the last coupla months...

"Life is never boring for Miko ... Gotta head to the police station to bail a friend out for fighting w/her lover.... Arrrggh"

"Im gonna voice my opinion..If anyone has an EGO on my sets, I will send u home,if I find hard drugs on my set, I'll send u home. #justsayin"

"A friend from my past just asked me... " Are you still bisexual ?" lol... Does a person become un-bisexual ?"

"WTF ! It's HUMID out! If I had balls (thank god I don't) they'd be sweaty"

Follow Miko at *www.twitter.com/miko_lee* and keep up-to-date with her underwater shenanigans and bulbous titties. Unless she's been eaten by a Great White by the time you read this...

Top Five...

Girls With Guns

Set weapons to 'sexy'...

5: Milla Jovovich
She kicks zombie ass in the seemingly never-ending slew of unutterably shit *Resident Evil* films, and somehow makes them watchable with her skimpy outfits and confident way with a semi-automatic. But how does she handle a semi-on? We'll probably never know.

4: Faye Dunaway
As bank robber Bonnie Parker, in the classic *Bonnie & Clyde*, Dunaway gave as good as she got with a shooter in her paw. Hard to masturbate to the scene where she gets shot with about a gajillion bullets though.

3: Michelle Rodriguez
If you need a tough-ass Hispanic to make your Hollywood trashfest grittier, just hire Michelle. Most recently seen in that *Fast & Furious 5* nonsense, her ballsy attitude makes us go weak at the knees (and hard at the penis).

2: Kate Beckinsale
Her hubby directs her in those godawful *Underworld* films but she somehow squeezes into that lycra body-suit and we watch the dross anyway, tongues on floor. Then we trawl the web for that nudey scene she did.

1: Angelina Jolie
Whether she's Lara Croft, the bird out of *Wanted* or Mrs Smith (to Brad's Mr Smith) she always looks the bomb with a pistol in each hand. Although we'd prefer to see her with cocks in each hand. Come on, she MUST have made a homemade sex tape by now...

PRICKIPEDIA
animal edition
SEXY SEX FACTS ABOUT SEX

Whales have the world's largest knobs. The blue whale has a 10-foot-long cock that's one foot in diameter (although it's known to shrink to 9-feet if the sea's a bit nippy)

An adult gorilla's prick is only 2 inches long (if that makes you feel any better about yourself)

A bull can inseminate 300 cows from one single ejaculation (that's a LOT of child maintenance payments)

Minks shag for an average of 8 hours (so don't go feeling too sorry for 'em when they're made into posh coats)

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!

Sasha

So, a couple of readers recently asked me if I went topless when on holiday, or if I was a shy girl in real life. Well, this should answer that question for them! Here I am in a lovely Eastern European city that will remain nameless (I don't want to be arrested!) and doing a little bit of public nudity.

As you can tell, I wasn't being particularly discreet, so I got seen plenty of times. Cars were honking their horns, groups of guys were wolf-whistling. I loved it! Stripping off in public makes me so, so wet. Knowing that all these people can see my tits and arse is one thing, but flashing them my pussy as well drives me over the edge. Maybe I'll be nude where you live soon! ♣

Dear Sasha

Since every month you are dressing up in hot and sexy outfits and fulfilling lots of your fan's fantasies, I'd like to give you my idea for an upcoming issue. Basically, in my crazy head, I'm thinking of you in the outdoors or in the jungle in green army camouflage. Tight, short, ripped hotpants, with a short top so we can see the curves of your boobs. With some sort of gun in your hands – not a small wimpy gun – that's what I call sexy!
Orane, Afghanistan

Glad my photos are making it over to the frontlines, Orane. Give my love to all the brave soldiers and tell them I'll be having a special wank thinking about them. Well, I love nothing better than a big weapon in my hands, all greased up and ready to shoot, so I'll see if we can make that happen!

Dear Sasha

Well, where to start with your pics, Sasha? You look sexy in your school stuff. If I went down on your nice sexy wet pussy you would be begging me not to come back up. I'd also lick your ass and whilst I'm doing that I'd love you to come all over my face and tie me down and take control of me for being a naughty boy and being in jail. I'm sitting here in my cell now playing with my extra large cock looking at your sexy pics and thinking of all the things I would love to do to your pussy and your nice, tight bumhole.
Lee, HMP.

Blimey Lee, looks like you've been a naughty boy in more ways than one. You must have a lot of lovely spunk built up, so after I'd tied you down, I'd lower myself onto your cock, arse first, and milk you with my tight hole until you fill me with lots of that lovely white stuff. But you'd better save some for my thirsty mouth too... ♣

SASHA

club's kit bag

The page that's always rebooting...

Olympus PEN E-PL2

These days, even some kid's pointless 1st birthday is chronicled with 500 pictures on Facebook and a HD video of interest to precisely 3 people. Cameras, cameras, everywhere – and not a lot of good photos. So why this? Well, it's obviously better than that lens stuck in your phone, it does a great job of HD filming, the view screen is excellent. But perhaps, most of all, it has appealing retro looks so you can pretend you're an 'old school' photographer. It's still digital, dummy.
Pros: Looks lovely, does the job you want.
Cons: Maybe a touch too expensive and some mod-cons are absent.

Pure Contour

Pure Contour
£199
www.pure.com

As we've opined on this page before, every media streaming box/dock/hard drive/widget has something lacking. The Contour looks absolutely great, and does some good stuff brilliantly – iPod dock, digital radio, internet, wi-fi for streaming from your Mac or PC – but other things already do that. This is a brilliant product, but there's often a feeling of people waiting for the game changer that smashes all others.
Pros: Sounds better than most docks, nice features.
Cons: Radios and docks come cheaper, so make the most of it. ♣

HTC Incredible S

HTC Incredible S
£445.
www.htc.com

That's a hell of a name to have to live up to. How's your 'Incredible'? Yeah, it's alright. You're setting yourself up for a fall. The last HTC we spent a lot of time with – the HD 2, was lovely in many ways, but the processor wasn't up to the job, the battery life was minus 5 minutes and the outdated Windows Mobile OS a shambles. This is still lovely to look at, but has a better (if not spiffing new) Android OS, turns on and is ready to use in moments and is pretty feature packed. Oh, and the battery lasts longer than an orgasm now, which is good.
Pros: Lovely screen, improved battery.
Cons: Not an iPhone, silly name.

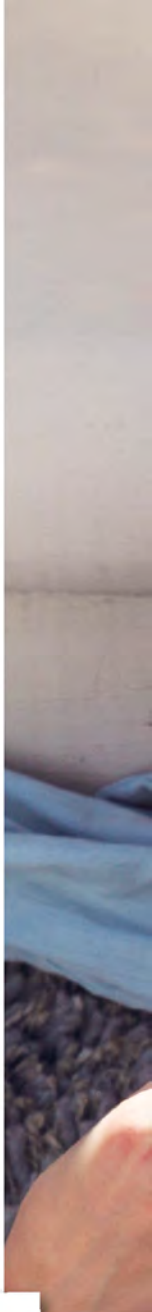
Olympus PEN E-PL2
£500
www.olympus.com

There are some periods of history that are sadly under-documented. Important parts of our past where cameras were rare or absent altogether.

PHOTOS: HICKS PHOTO

MUFF RESPECT! ♣

Nadia carefully avoids shaving rash...



In these depilatory days, Nadia, it's rare to see a bush even half as hairy as that one.

"Well, I'm normally totally shaven," says the 23-year-old Londoner, "but I fancied a change. Maybe fashions will change and hairy pussy will come back in."

It could happen.

"The key is, however," she continues, "that my undercarriage is all trimmed and easy to get to. I'm only hairy at the top. There's still easy access to my pussy and clit for cock and tongue."

It's the future... ♣

NADIA

PARTY HARDER!

Club models partied with porn stars and readers at our recent Britain's Got Totty party. If you missed us, we were the massive fucking drunks...

Danielle Maye (right). Blonde, boobs, wow!

We sent out the invites, we lined up the girls... and then we drank the bar dry. Yes, our Britain's Got Totty Party at Platinum Lace Gentleman's Club in Leicester Square, London, was a wild affair.

Models mixed with readers, industry bigwigs, porn stars and studs, the toiling magazine staff and some people who just chanced it and somehow wound up inside. Champagne flowed freely – always a good idea when *Club* models are in the vicinity, as it inevitably leads to flashing and shenanigans. Who was there? Katie K, Krystal Webb, Megan Coxxx, Michelle Thorne, Danielle Maye, Michelle Moist, Satine Spark, Jess West, Axa Jay and untold others. By about 9pm you couldn't move for boobs, and by 11pm you couldn't shift for bum and fanny. The toilet cubicles were full of people getting it on (not with us, unfortunately), while some clued-up punters made off with the giant-sized *Club International* posters.

All in all, it was such a success we're bound to do it all again next year. So if you didn't come this time, put a date in your diary right now... ♣

PLATINUM LACE
BAR & GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
Michelle Moist gets cheeky...
...and then gets a mouthful!
Megan Coxxx. She deserves every single 'x'!
We don't know you, but we really want to!

PHOTOS: HOLLY RANDALL

TAYLOR MADE!

Taylor Vixen more than lives up to her name...

Making your debut in *Club International* is one thing, but making your debut and going straight in as the centrefold, marks you out as something special. And we think Taylor Vixen is something special.

"That's very sweet of you," trills the babe from Maryland. "I'm honoured to be in *Club* to start with. I only started modelling recently for fun, but it seems to really be taking off in the past few months."

Well, we think you're a natural.

"Gee. Well, I'm certainly going to stay all natural. I don't mind fake tits to squeeze on, but I'm happy with what I've got. They say any more than a mouthful is a waste!"

Well, give us a mouthful and we'll be the judge... ♣

INTERNATIONAL
club
TAYLOR

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Sammie **AGE:** 25
FAVE SEX: Being dominant.
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? A bubbly but kinky girl who likes to be on top!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
I always wanted to. I nearly sent some photos in 6 years ago, but I was more shy back then. Now I'm really out of my shell.

WE'LL SAY, YOU SEEM LIKE THE CONFIDENT TYPE.
I found my confidence through exploring my sexuality. Yes, I like a good old fashioned fuck now and then, but I'm more into role play, dressing up and being the dominant partner these days.

WHAT DOES THAT ENTAIL?
Sometimes it's as simple as me telling a bloke what to do, how to fuck me and so on. Sometimes it's a bit more involved. Let's say I'm an expert with a strap-on and a tube of lube!

OUCH!
You won't be saying ouch when I'm doing you! It's a power thing for me – fucking a guy in missionary while I stroke his cock is the best feeling in the world.

ANYTHING ELSE TO TELL US?
Well, I'm up for pretty much anything if it's legal. Although weirdly I've never had a threesome. It's about time I fixed that! ♣

HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE €250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:
clubint@paulraymond.com

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

BIG TIPPER!

When most people go to a restaurant for dinner, the night usually winds down with coffee and a nightcap or two. Well, I'm not most people. What I am is a leggy blonde who's dripping with high-class bling. Plus, I'm brazen as fuck, to boot. It's that shameless streak of mine that recently led to a bout of unbridled filthiness at a posh restaurant.

I'd arranged to meet a male fuck buddy for a late dinner. I'd booked the table for a mere hour before the restaurant was due to close, as it was only to serve as a starter for the sexual feast to follow. Well, I was sitting there sipping a Cosmopolitan, getting progressively hornier, when my date called my mobile to grovellingly explain that he'd been unavoidably detained at the office. "Fine. Enjoy the rest of your life, loser," I said, and cut him off. How was I going to get my fill of cock now?

A fit waiter in all his liveried glory approached my table. "Oh dear," he said. "May I be so bold as to suggest another drink, miss?"

"Yes you may," I replied. "But I'd rather you were bold enough to bend me over this table and fuck me senseless." I told you I was brazen!

"Well," the waiter said, "if that's the way you like to play it, I can oblige you after hours. Tonight me and my girlfriend have to lock up after the rest of the staff have gone home."

"Girlfriend?" I said. "Interesting… So which one is she?"

"Over there," he said and pointed at a fit blonde waitress. "So are you interested?"

I nodded that I was, pointed at my empty glass and said, "But let's keep that flowing."

Later, when the last staff member had gone, the door locked and the blinds drawn, Henry – the waiter – said, "Okay, assume the position."

"But where's your girlfriend?" I asked,

equally as eager to savour her cunt as I was Henry's cock.

"Here she comes now," he answered. I turned to see her walking towards us from the far end of the restaurant – completely naked. Nice. Saying nothing, I did as Henry had asked me to do. I wriggled out of my knickers and pulled my skirt up around my waist to give him a good look at my smooth-shaven gash and tight arse. "Oh yes," he said with relish. Then he unzipped his trousers, pulled out his swollen dick, and started bumping the head of it against my pussy lips.

I gasped as Henry gently eased his helmet inside my slit. I gasped more when he started quickly popping it in and out of it. As he did so, his girlfriend Lucy – to whom I was never formally introduced – hopped up onto the table and slid in front of me with her legs spread wide and bent at the knees. Then she inched her way towards me until her cunt was directly in front of my face. It was pretty clear what she wanted, and I wanted it too. Burying my face in her pussy, I drank deep, lapping and smacking my lips as I did so.

"She inched her way towards me until her cunt was directly in front of my face"

By now Henry was fucking me gently but deeply, and it felt incredible. Every now and then he'd grab me by the hips and vary the speed of his strokes. The first time he did so I withdrew my tongue from his girlfriend's cunt and rammed three fingers into its sweet wetness. She let out a yelp of pleasure, and started thrusting herself harder onto my digits. Then a look came over her face that said she was about to blow – and seconds later she did, in a blur of quivering flesh and squirting juices.

As his girlfriend lay in front of me with her eyes closed, panting, Henry suddenly said, "You ready?"

"Am I ever," I replied, emphasising that remark by slamming backward so that his balls slapped against my pussy, his dick buried inside me to the hilt. That's when Henry finally went into overdrive, slamming his cock in and out of my cunt with a ferocity that took my breath away. Then I began tingling from head to toe as one of the most amazing orgasms of my life exploded in my twat, flooding my entire body – at the very instant that Henry filled my cunt with jizz. I decided to book a regular table…

Heidi, Kensington

TIGHT WEDDING!

There's nothing in the world I like better than anal sex with my boyfriend. In fact, it was our mutual love of arsefucking that brought us together, on the day we met at a wedding reception.

Although I'd never spoken to John, I'd seen him around enough times to have taken quite a fancy to him. So when I heard he'd also been invited to the event, I resolved to make a play for him. I dressed to impress in a tiny pearl pink satin mini-dress, which only just covered up the goods. I also wore stockings and – and here's the really dirty part – no

panties. I knew that I'd be revealing a lot sitting down or bending over in that outfit – and that was the whole point. Inappropriate attire for a friend's wedding, maybe, but I was on a mission.

Come the big day, I'd made an impression on pretty much everyone there. After the wedding itself was over, the bride and groom made their grand exit, and everyone began the serious business of getting drunk. A marquee had been set up in the grounds, and loaded up with tons of booze, which we guests proceeded to work our way through. As evening fell, I spotted John leaving the crowd in the marquee to smoke a cigarette in the garden. At last, my chance.

I quickly caught up to him, and asked for a cigarette. I wasn't really a smoker, I explained, but these big occasions always made me nervous. It really didn't matter what I said – he wasn't listening anyway. All his attention seemed to be concentrated on my pubic area as my hemline fluttered in the gentle breeze, evidently giving him teasing glimpses of my pussy. We exchanged smiles, and that's all it took – suddenly we were in a clinch. It was quite a petting session – I almost came just from grinding my bare pussy against John's leg. I probably stained his trousers with my pussy juice.

Locked in a clinch, we gave no thought to the few people passing by in the gathering darkness. John hustled me off to a secluded corner where there was a low wall, which he sat on with his trousers yanked down. Taking my cue, I squatted down on his lap, ready for action. But even though I was about to fulfill a long-held desire, I still had enough presence of mind to avoid any risk of pregnancy. Since I'd rubbed pussy juice all around my nether regions, I knew that my arsehole would be lubed up enough to take a cock. So I leaned back and pushed my hips forward so that my pucker came into contact with John's helmet. He gasped in surprise, like he'd struck gold – brown gold. Reaching down, I squeezed his balls to coax him inside. Then I clamped my thighs shut, and proceeded to give John the anal rollercoaster ride of a lifetime.

> **"I jammed two fingers in her juicy twat, then a thumb in her arsehole"**

I propped up my body weight by planting my heels on the edge of the wall, giving me the leverage to bounce slowly up and down on his cock. More thanks to my technique than his, John's meat worked up my bum by degrees, and soon I was moaning so loud that any passers-by would know exactly what we were up to – not that I could care. Nor, evidently, could John, who pulled down the top of my dress to plant his face between my jiggling tits, making a weird sort of "Mwammawamma" sound.

My balance was so precarious, and my arsehole's grip on John's meat so tight, that each of my upstrokes and downstrokes took a good few seconds to execute. But that didn't stop my orgasm building quickly, and it wasn't long before I was cumming. Cumming so hard, in fact, that the pair of us almost toppled over that wall. Luckily John stabilized us both by grabbing my waist, pulling me hard down onto his cock as he blasted his spuzz up my shuddering bum.

It wasn't just the bride and groom who were united that day, but also me and John. Of course, after that little escapade, we don't get invited to many parties – but as long as we can pursue our shared hobby of public arse sex, we can make our own fun!
Penny, Oldham

MATE'S RATES!

Call me a bastard, but a few months ago I fucked my best mate's girlfriend. To be honest, it wasn't something that I'd intended to do, it's just that… well, here's what happened.

As a way of getting acquainted with his new bird Chloe, my mate Jack invited me over to his flat for dinner. When she opened the door on the fateful night, Chloe proved to be exactly as Jack had described her – a cute, innocent-looking girl with platinum blonde hair and a gorgeous little body. "You must be Joe," she said, with a smile that shot tingles through my dick.

"That's me," I replied. "Pleased to meet you, Chloe."

She led me through to the living room where she had a bottle of white wine already on ice. "Only two glasses?" I inquired.

"Yes," she answered. "I'm afraid Jack's been held up at work."

"That's a shame," I said.

"Oh, I don't know," Chloe said. "I'm sure we can find something to help us pass the time." That tingle I mentioned? It moved up several notches and gave me a ridiculous hard-on – one that Chloe couldn't help but notice. "See," she said. "How about that something there?"

"But Jack's my best friend," I said, trying my hardest to look sincere.

"Yes, I know," she replied. "But I'm telling you, what you're packing there puts his cock to shame – and I want some of it."

I thought long and hard about the consequences of what we were about to do should Jack ever find out. Not! I said, "Be my guest."

Chloe dropped to her knees between my open legs, unzipped my jeans and pulled out my prick. As her lips wrapped around my cockhead, it felt as though all my birthdays and Christmases had come at once. In fact, it took some serious control to stop myself cumming within 60 seconds of Chloe first clamping her mouth on my meat. But thankfully I didn't – even though it would have been fucking nice to splatter her tonsils.

Her head bobbing on my shaft, Chloe started undoing wriggling out of her clothes. When she was down to her underwear, she stopped what she was doing and said, "Follow me."

Seconds later she'd torn off her pants and was spreadeagled on Jack's bed. Diving on top of her, I clamped my mouth on her cunt. Then I poked my tongue inside her juicy minge and started slurping. She tasted so sweet, I would've been quite happy to spend the rest of my days down there. But Chloe had other ideas. "Don't take this too hard," she said. "But as much as I like getting eaten, I need your cock in my twat, not your tongue." Then she pulled my head up and planted a head-swallowing kiss on my mouth. "That was so I could get a taste of myself," she said, grinning like the proverbial cat that got the cream.

Still grinning, Chloe scooted to the edge of the bed, lay on her front and hung her legs over until her toes touched the carpet. Then she spread her pussy flaps wide and said, "You know what I want. You know what I need. I could see it in your eyes the moment we met – so drill me hard, you bastard!"

At that moment I offered up a silent prayer for the values of friendship, and decided to give Chloe the fucking of a lifetime. Two lifetimes, in fact – hers and mine. After all, she'd already proved that she was the kind of girl who wanted to be fucked, as opposed to be made love to. My instincts have always been spot on about these things.

I jammed two fingers in her juice-dribbling twat, then a thumb in her arsehole. She yelped. I wriggled the fingers inside her slit until they were good and gummy, then I slicked my dick with her stickiness. Penetrating her as deep as I could, I started hammering her to hell and back. Chloe thrust herself backwards to meet my every downstroke, and in what felt like no time we both exploded in a mess of jizz, cunt juice and sweat. Needless to say, neither of us see Jack anymore – but that's a price we're prepared to pay.
Joe, Reading ♣

INTERNATIONAL club

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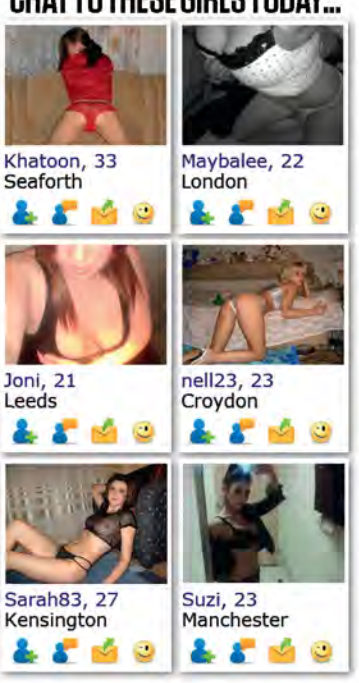

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In case you can't get Sky Atlantic at your house...

RATINGS: ★ SCHMUCKY ★★ YUKKY ★★★ PLUCKY ★★★★ KENTUCKY ★★★★★ SUCKY-FUCKY

The Kentucky Fried Movie

(Arrow Video, DVD £17.99)

If you sold this on the cast alone, it'd be a hard sell. "You know, that screwball comedy starring Bill Bixby from *The Hulk*, fleeting Bond George Lazenby and Donald Sutherland out of everything." And, to be honest, even without that it's still a film you'll love or hate.

I love it because my dad owned a video shop in the mid-to-late 80's, so I saw this countless times then, and as broad satires go, it's hit and miss. But when it hits, it hits on the level of *Airplane*, the Zuckers' masterpiece. It's indiscriminate in targeting everything, no corner of culture is safe from ransacking – which is exactly how comedy should be. Extras? Commentary from director John Landis, with the Zuckers and others, is a treat. ★★★★

The Pack
(Icon Home Entertainment, DVD £15.99)

No matter how clunky a horror is, these days, it's always a welcome breath of fresh air from the increasingly tedious horror-porn genre. *The Pack* has all kinds of weaknesses – not least the performances once you get past the excellent top rung of the cast – but it's still a fun, punchy 81 minutes. Road tripper Charlotte has a run-in with a bike gang, picks up a male hitchhiker, goes to a café where the bikers follow her and are seen off by the female proprietor, La Spack, only to find herself in even more trouble when her saviour turns out to have not entirely wholesome motives. The cream of the cast – Philippe Nahon, Yolande Moreau – elevate this beyond the genre norm.

★★★

The Resident
(Icon Home Entertainment, Blu-ray & DVD £15.99)

Hillary Swank, like Halle Berry and Cuba Gooding Jr, seems to be one of those Oscar winners whose career goes off the rails immediately after receiving their gong. Maybe it's through choices they made just before they stepped up to the podium, or through having a bad agent, but my those three have made some schlock since their Oscar triumphs. In the grand scheme of things, this is actually okay – an effort from the resurrected Hammer label that rightly finds room for Christopher Lee. Ultimately it's a cheap home invasion movie, albeit with some good jumps and a classy if shallow cast.

★★★

Slaughter High
(Arrow Video, DVD £15.99)

In many ways, *Slaughter High* is the quintessential mid-80's US slasher – a revenge fantasy set in a high school where a bullied victim returns to unleash havoc on his tormenters. But there's a stranger story behind this.

For starters, while the milieu is all-American, it was actually filmed in the UK, and is rife with dodgy American accents. Hell, Billy Hartman, who played Frank, went on to star in *Emmerdale* for 11years and Carolina Munro was in some minor Hammer films. Still, there's fun to be had in the poetic justice of the revenge murders, which echo torments dealt out to the protagonist, and the ending is brilliant.

★★★★

book club
No sticky pages, please...

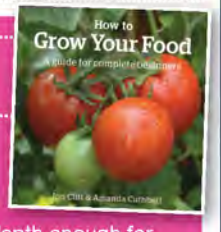
The Illustrated History of Torture
Jack Vernon (Carlton Books £20.00)

It's a slim volume, but my, this packs a visceral punch. Carlton have happened upon an excellent formula by packaging facsimile items with their books, whether it's related to The Ashes, Nirvana or torture. The excellent photos, drawings and research here tell the story of the grisly history of torture – not only the practice itself, but the justifications and the historical context – while the reproduced documents, including Guy Fawkes' confession, shade the picture. Not just for the ghoul in your life, then…

The Hidden Mathematics of Sport
Rob Eastaway & John Haigh (Portico £9.99)

On paper, this sounds great. It combines such literary prize bait as intellectualising football and popularising mathematics. What could go wrong? Well, sadly, this is no *Freakonomics* of sport, but rather a bit of pub ammo that occasionally enlivens its statistical analysis by teasing out some interesting sporting nuggets. It's probably worth pondering some of the conclusions if you're a sportsman looking for the edge, but largely it's content to tell us whether home advantage means anything or not. Interesting, but far from enlightening.

How to Grow Your Own
Jon Clift & Amanda Cuthbert (Green Books £6.95)



Guides to growing your own fruits, veg and herbs aren't exactly scarce – and newspapers will weigh in too, helpfully reminding us there's a recession on – but this is a pretty nifty one. It's slight, but in-depth enough for the beginner, and succeeds in its simplicity – veg by veg and fruit by fruit it advises whether it's best to go with seeds or plants, what time of the year to sow or plant, care tips, times to harvest and so on. You might want more detail about specific plants (go online), but this is more than enough to get you going beyond cress for the first time.

Shall We Sing A Song For You
Alex Shaw (John Blake £7.99)

Alex Shaw
SHALL WE SING A SONG FOR YOU?
The good, the bad and the downright offensive – Britain's favourite football chants
ADVISORY

Once you get past the obvious fact that most football fans are biased and blinkered when it comes to their own team – a fair fan is truly a rare thing – there's much to be said for the theory that British footie fans are the wittiest in the world. Okay, we might be among the most thuggish as well, historically, but we know our way around a witty ditty. But for every 'There's only two Andy Gorams', there's a dozen that have to be contextualised and explained, which is why this footie sock filler ultimately falls flat. ♣

The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

August 2011

ALBUM REVIEWS

PITBULL

Planet Pit (RCA)

You've got to be down with the kids these days to have any chance of an 18-year-old beauty going down on you – Pitbull is the answer. If you don't know *Give Me Everything* then you need to get out more because this will definitely be the party album of 2011.

CSS

La Libercion (V2)

Sao Paulo's finest present another dose of pop music for recreational drug users, with Bobby Gillespie of Primal Scream dropping vocals on the single *Hits Me Like A Rock*. Get some MDMA, a wet pussy, and finger it to your heart's content.

KAISER CHIEFS

Future Is Medieval (B Unique)

Because people like you and I download the week's top 10 albums in 5 minutes flat using next door's Wifi connection, The Kaisers, for their 4th album, decided to put 20 tracks on their website and you have to pick the 10 that you like best. Imagine if women were like that – you pick the 10 you like the most and fuck the rest of them off.

KASABIAN

Velociraptor (Columbia)

Kasabian were once on the phone to *Club* and turned down an interview request because, "I've got a girlfriend now." How gay is that? Just because your photograph is next to that of a Latvian beauty with her clit in close focus doesn't mean that you had your tongue on it 5 minutes ago.

BIFFY CLYRO

Revolutions // Live At Wembley (Warners)

CD/DVD combos aren't as good as mum/daughter combos but this effort from Biffy is a good buy if you're obsessed with them but can't be arsed with the stalking. There's also a limited tin set which includes confetti from the Wembley show – should shave 50p off the wedding bill.

EMPTY YOUR TOPLOADER...

Club chats to the Dancing In The Moonlight lads about fanny...

Which football team do you support?
Liverpool.

Do you ever go fishing?
I once went fishing and for some reason an eel nailed to a piece of wood floated downstream and it freaked me out so I never went again.

What's your favourite animal?
Even though I'm a vegetarian, I don't like animals.

Who's got the worst habits in the band?
Matt, the bass player, has the worst habits in the band because he doesn't fart very often. But every now and again, if you happen to be stood by him, he's brewed one up for two days and it sounds like a fuckin' volcano is going off.

Does being in Toploader give you an advantage with the ladies?
In a way it does. We're not 18 and we're not sick perverts and it tends to give you an advantage with ladies who are a little bit younger than what you should be going for.

What sort of girls do you go for?
Blondes.

How's your sex life been in the last week?
Mainly internet based!

Do you like your ladies shaven or bushy?
Shaven – always shaven.

What's your favourite porn website?
Bondage Central is a good one.

What sexual fetishes do you have?
Snuff films.

How would you like to be remembered when you die?
As the resting in peace village idiot, or something like that.

Nice one pal. Keep on shaggin'.

Toploader's new album Only Human is out now on Underdogs Music

August 2011

FESTIVAL guide

Festivals - drugs, lager, tents, and sexy girls in wellies...

V Festival (20th - 21st)
Staffordshire & Chelmsford
Eminem, Rihanna, Tinie Tempah, and way too many chavs...

Reading & Leeds (26th - 28th)
The Big One - Pulp, The Strokes, The National, plus lots of pissed up snatch possibly wanting some cock...

Creamfields (27th - 28th)
Cheshire
Disneyworld for fuck heads with the Chemical Brothers, Sven Vath, and David Guetta sorting out the tunes...

South West Four (27th - 28th)
Clapham Common
Chemical warfare in the nation's capital plus the delightful sounds of Underworld, Richie Hawtin, Laurent Garnier...

Big Chill (4th - 7th)
Eastnor Castle, Herefordshire
Take a break in a castle, have a Kit Kat, drop a pill, and boogie with Kanye West, Neneh Cherry, and the Chemical Brothers...

Field Day (6th)
Vicky Park, London
A few thousand Shoreditch fashionistas, Wild Beasts, and Erol Alkan...

ON THE GAME

Tour de France

(Focus Home Interactive)
PS3, Xbox 360
★★★★

Cycling, like rugby, has always been a game that's proven tricky to adapt to the latest generation of consoles. The problems in replication are obvious for an event like the Tour de France, which revels in testing human endurance to its obvious limits. A real-time recreation of the event would just be tedious. So Cyanide Studio have taken some elements of their *Cycling Manager* game and interwoven them with the action. So instead of just weaving through the mountain stages, you have to build alliances with other cyclists, keep an eye on your reputation, give orders to teammates. Are you going for the yellow jersey, or do you want to be the sprint champion? It's the nearest you'll get to recreating the tactics of the real thing and there's no danger of hurting yourself either. Well, your thumbs might get sore.

F.E.A.R. 3

(Warner Bros. Interactive Entertainment)
Xbox360, PS3, PC
★★★★

After *F.E.A.R. 2* failed to live up to the excellence and series promise of *F.E.A.R.*, there was a fear (sorry!) that this was a franchise in decline. Well, fear not. *F.E.A.R. 3* might not provide the psychological horror of the game that kickstarted the series, but as a pure shooter with a story attached, it's brilliant. Weapons feel hefty, and you'll have to make the most of them as the enemy attacks are endless. But the best thing about this is the co-op mode, where the two characters – Point Man and Paxton – have different complementary abilities that lift this well above games where it's just two mates hiding in cover. Get a friend round, lay on the beers. Heaven.

Dynasty Warriors: Gundam 3

(Tecmo Koei Europe)
PS3, Xbox 360
★★★★★

If you're a fan of *Dynasty Warriors* and the Gundam Universe, what do you want from this game? Do you want the same again, with a few graphical tweaks? Or do you want lots more of the same, but better, shinier, deeper and with a few spot-on innovations to boot? Well, in our humble opinion, the developers have given you the latter, with knobs on. There are over 50 characters and 70 mobile suits to get stuck into, story mode, missions galore, special areas of the battlefield, new battle systems and lots more. Basically, if you're a developer in charge of a popular sports game doing a weak little annual update, you could learn a lot from this.

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PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...

TAPAS & TAPPED ASS!

I was reluctantly dragged over to Spain on a business trip as part of a small negotiating team with my firm. Being more used to beach holidays and a bit of sun, sea, sand and sex when over in Spain, I found myself yearning for all those things whilst being stuck in various tedious meetings whilst the sun shone in through the office windows. The other thing that put me off my stride was having to spend time with my boss, who had been giving me a really hard time. He said it was for my own good, but I suspected that it was because he disapproved of my happy-go-lucky attitude to life. He thought I should be 'growing-up' and 'taking some responsibility'.

I'd made a drunken advance – which he'd rejected - on a work's do on account of his own rule of no workplace entanglements and I had got an unofficial warning from him as to my future behaviour when I was almost caught fucking a client in an empty office. To be honest, I think he was looking for any excuse to get rid of me. However, despite the various tensions, I was beginning to enjoy myself and could feel the magnetic pull of the cloudless blue skies re-energising my very being.

After a successful meeting, the guys decided to play a round of golf. It was meant to be a relaxing afternoon for everyone to just chill-out but I'd never swung a golf club in my life and managed to excuse myself from proceedings. However, I was happy enough lazing in the sunshine with a margarita and my book. I have to say that my book was a bit on the saucy side and that, combined with the sunshine and the drink was making me horny. It was just as I was thinking along the lines of disappearing back to my room and digging out my trusty vibrator that a guy I'd been chatting to the previous night wandered over and said, "Hello."

> "My third orgasm was massively heightened by having two cocks in me"

He couldn't have timed it any better and I suggested that we go for a little walk. We both knew what that really meant. Even so, as soon as we were out of sight of the clubhouse, I think he was pleasantly surprised to find himself being dragged-off into the bushes. However, the bushes in question were very sharp and hardly inviting for what I had planned and I hastily dragged him off to a steep sandy bunker. Before he knew it, I had his shorts open and his lovely cock was out and slipping into my mouth. It was a fantastic feeling as I felt it inflating rapidly, responding to my eager touch. I alternated between sucking him off and wanking him whilst he reached out and fumbled with my top until my tits fell free. I pulled his cock onto them and rubbed his sensitive flesh over and between my boobs and he groaned as I pressed them together and gave him a tit-wank.

However, I was after a proper fuck and I sank back and opened my legs invitingly, allowing my little white skirt to ride-up and expose my knickers. Soon enough they were tugged down and as he parted my legs there was nothing blocking his access to my shaved little pussy. He went down on me and I couldn't help but gasp as his tongue explored my most sensitive areas. It was just what I needed as he sucked hard on my clit, pulling on it and teasing it with his swirling tongue. I was so horny that I climaxed powerfully within a few seconds. That was obviously the signal to play his final approach

shot and I was impressed as he sank his putt straight into my hungry hole. We fucked like animals; my hips ground into his as he pounded me, hard, fast and deep, taking me to another staggering climax.

Normally I'd be more than satisfied at this point, but I found that I was still hungry for more. I pushed him over and rolled on top and bounced myself towards another climax. However, I suddenly realised that we were no longer alone in our bunker. I was horrified to look across and see my boss staring goggle-eyed at me. Of all the people who should catch me at it! "Dole queue here I come," I thought to myself. However, my horror was replaced by shock as he took a quick look around and dropped into the secluded bunker, unzipping his flies as he did so, and pulled-out his cock!

He must have activated some kind of recessive exhibitionist gene or something because I quickly got over the shock and resumed my shagging. I wanted to show him what he had turned down and if anything I exaggerated every aspect of what was now a performance fuck. At first he just wanked himself, ogling my glistening, semi-naked body as I continued fucking in the sunshine. He was getting a great view of my bum and must have been able to see my slippery, cock-filled pussy, which was an enormous turn-on for me.

As he came closer, it was obvious that he was hoping that I would offer to suck his cock. I liked the way that he didn't assume that it'd be OK for him to just stick it in my face. I bet he thought that there was no way that I was ever going to give him the satisfaction after all the grief he'd given me over the past few months. However, just the thought of it was making me shiver with sexual anticipation. I knew that he was desperate for me. I wondered what my colleagues would think of me if I did it. The ones who knew what I'd done in the office wouldn't be surprised, that's for sure. I found myself thinking, 'What harm could it do if I just gave him a little suck? He'll probably explode on the spot anyway.' 'Hmmmm,' I thought to myself, 'my boss' cum spurting into my mouth!'

"Come here," I demanded, "let me have a look at your thing." It was a good-looking cock as I always knew it would be. My heart was pounding as I reached out and wrapped my hand around its base and pulled it into my open mouth. It was hot and salty and I was aware of every throbbing lump and bump on its gristly length as it slipped into my mouth. Suddenly I was servicing two cocks, behaving like a depraved slut and loving every minute of it. I took my boss' cock as deeply as I could, before releasing it, watching it twitching in the sunshine, now glistening with my saliva.

Reaching over to continue working it, I pulled him in closer and took him into my mouth again. I released it breathlessly and he moved around out of sucking distance. I felt

his hand on my back, which then traced slowly down my spine and continued down until a fat finger touched my arsehole. When it lingered, I realised with great excitement what the mucky bastard was up to... and that I actually wanted him to do it: He was going to try and push his finger up my bum.

I know other girls do it and I've read Peaches and watched anal pornos a few times, but I have never done anything anal before myself. I wondered whether he'd be able to get it in my bum and what it'd feel like if he did. I didn't have to wait long as I felt my bum penetrated for the first time. It felt deliciously dirty, especially in view of who was doing it. I could hear him jerking himself off and thought that he might just wank himself off over the dirty thing he was doing to me but we both knew that he wasn't going to stop at just fingering my willing arse.

Sure enough, he moved into position behind me and I felt his slippery cock touch between my buttocks. I could smell coconut oil and realised that he must have been lubing himself up with something. My heart jumped again as it seemed that he might actually succeed in getting it into my bum. I really hoped he could. I wriggled round and spread my bum as wide as I could with the cock still driving into my pussy. My boss' cock was soon nestled in the crack of my bum and after several failed attempts, I reached back to guide the pressure right onto my bumhole. Something kind of opened-up and suddenly it was inside me, pushing deeper. I came so hard that I thought I might actually pass out. The throbbing pleasure of my third orgasm was massively heightened by having two cocks inside me. It felt intensely different to any other orgasm I'd experienced with both holes engorged on cock, stretched open and aching with pleasure as both guys continued to pump cautiously into me. It was like I was having one deliciously long continuous orgasm.

When the pulsing in my pussy finally stopped I was totally spent but was still determined to enjoy every sensation as the two cocks pumped their way more and more vigorously towards their own climaxes. My boss was first to go, simply pulling out of my bum and emptying his load all over it, no doubt fulfilling his every secret fantasy in doing so. I was sure that he was memorising every detail.

This kind of put an end on the fucking and I slid down guy number one's (I never did find

out his name) body and gave him a ball-emptying blowjob which he seemed to be happy with, especially as I swallowed every drop. To be honest, this was a real turning point for me at work: Far from being in danger of the sack, I now really look forward to my boss giving me a hard time. *Gail, Cumbria*

PUMPING IRON!

It pleases me beyond imagination that MILFs are so well received these days. I'm a hot fourty-something woman who has been scoring fresh pieces of younger meat for the best part of a decade. I find that inexperienced men love the passion, skill and erotic expertise I'm able to provide, that completely blows the younger girls out of the water! For a woman like me, scoring any man I want is as easy as one, two, three. My gorgeous face, bouncing boobs and tight arsehole speak for themselves.

Last week in the gym I was reminded of my undeniable hotness when the most sought-after body builder, a lunk named Jerry, chose me instead of the twenty-something twat in the lavender leotard. I couldn't help but giggle at her weak game. She grabbed a pair of oversized hand weights and began to fumble around, acting like a helpless damsel in distress. Jerry paid her no attention. Not getting any satisfaction, the twit tried another trick that also went unnoticed. After the third attempt I started to laugh out loud at her lame attempts at seduction.

"Watch how it's done, sweetheart," I purred, gliding over to Jerry to rub the sweat trail that was running down his chest. When face to face with this primitive stud, it became evident that his cock was much bigger than his IQ. I decided at that moment that action instead of words would work best in this situation. I grabbed his arms, pulled them open and licked all the way from his nipple to his naval.

"I thought you could use a little clean-up," I murmured, watching the shape of Jerry's cockhead round out the crotch of his nylon gym shorts.

"Damn, you don't fuck around!" he gasped in utter shock.

"Oh yes I do..." I smiled, falling to my knees to get better acquainted with his gorgeous prick. Once face-to-face, I guided his meat into the back of my mouth, salivating and sucking on his sweaty stick. I ran the surface of my teeth over each and every curve of his penis and even sank a bit lower, resting his swollen nuts on my forehead to make his taint more accessible to my tongue.

"You can't do that in here!" the other girl shouted, tapping her feet. I rose from between Jerry's legs long enough to grab the girl by her blonde ringlets and bury her face in his groin, along with my own.

"Shut up and suck!" I cautioned her, keeping her hair in my hands as I helped guide his meat down her throat. "Stick out your tongue and wiggle it underneath." I watched the favourable response on Jerry's face. When he was rock hard I pushed him down on the weight bench and mounted his cock in cowgirl. I held his arms over his head and began to grind my pussy in a figure of eight.

"Keep his balls wet!" I called out to the other girl, who at this point was sitting between Jerry's legs, helping feed his cock into my pussy. She leaned into our action, lapping up our combined sex liquids as they came spilling out of me.

"I'm so fucking horny!" the girl gasped, clapping my arse cheeks together and surprising me every now and again with a flurry of fingers up my bumhole. After my third orgasm, I hopped off Jerry's knob and told the girl she was up next. As she squatted into a doggie position, I rearranged her on the ground, setting her up in piledriver instead.

"What's this?" she questioned.

"You'll see," I smiled.

Jerry grabbed the girl by the ankles and spat a wad into her arsehole. He eased in cautiously until her gaping bum gave him the thumbs up to continue with a rougher ride.

After a few minutes of adjusting, Jerry was fucking her arse super-hard while I worked on her slit and clit with fingers and tongue. She was double stuffed and loving every minute of it.

"More! More! More!" she cried, spilling her orgasmic arse load all over while her pussy continued to drip. I licked up every bit of her cum splash and lowered my face down to hers so she could get a sampling of her own delicious sex sauce.

After another half hour of pussy and arse swapping, Jerry pulled out and wanked his load all over the both of us. It was an incredible experience and another touchdown on the scoreboard for this insatiable MILF! *Connie, Scarborough* ♣

> **"Jerry grabbed the girl by the ankles and spat a wad into her arsehole"**

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PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

POLE POSITION! ♣

Meet Monika: Here to save the Euro...

Among all the witless griping from Little Englanders about 'Poles taking our jobs' (i.e doing them better, cheaper and not acting entitled to 12 fucking tea breaks a day), we haven't heard much about what else we get out of the deal. After all, we've been going to Eastern Europe to cast our eyes over the finest fillies they have to offer, something unheard of in the days of the Iron Curtain. The EU has given us Monika, here, whose amazing boobs and smooth, inviting fanny would have been off-limits before the fall of the wall.

You've heard about the butter mountain and the EU wine lake. Well, we counter that with the EU tits and arse reservoir. We've only just skimmed the surface... ♣

MONIKA

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE

Fat Woman Blames Orgasms

A tubster from Colorado weighs in at 490 pounds – that's 35 stone, fatty fans – and puts it down to the 'fact' that she climaxes when eating junk food. 25-year-old Gabi Jones has 'persistent genital arousal disorder' (join the club), a rare condition that has her pigging out until she orgasms.

Now 48DDD (but, to be honest, not in a sexy way), Gabi was chowing down at an ice cream parlour in her late teens when, she says, "I loved the velvety texture of ice cream on my tongue. Then one day as I was tcking in, I felt a tingle starting down below. The pressure kept building until suddenly it swept through my body. I felt light-headed and flushed."

Of course, finding something that gives you pleasure doesn't mean you should do it all the time, otherwise we'd never stop wanking all day long. Jones obviously takes the opposite view, going so far as to invest in an ice-cream maker and the Denver blip has ballooned from a hardly svelte 210 pounds in her early 20's to her current scale-threatening mass. We're surprised she can even find her banana split.

Dead cow exceeds baggage limitations

We're sure it was just a desire to add to the sum of human knowledge rather than a desire for publicity that prompted Virgin Atlantic to reveal some wacky things that their customers have attempted to check in over the years. Some doofus tried to take a car engine on board, while a couple had enjoyed their Grenada beach holiday so much they packed up a bag containing sand and seawater. There's a romantic appeal to that, but less so with the passengers at Delhi airport who tried to check-in a set of cutlery... that they'd stolen from another Virgin flight. What else? A tarantula in a woman's coat, a bath and, perhaps best of all, a dead cow. Then again, we'd rather be sat next to a dead cow than ever fly Ryanair again.

Future Hotels to put Cart Before Horse

We'd be happy not to get woken up by our neighbours through the wafer thin walls when staying in a hotel, but in a PR plug masquerading as a 'study', hotel chain Travelodge (a company never mentioned in the same breath as the word 'boutique') have gazed into their crystal balls to tell us what we might expect in the future. They actually consulted a futurologist (but forgot to ask him the weekend's lottery numbers) who told them the control of dreams would soon be possible and that remote control virtual love making would be on the menu. Of course, using our remote controls we indulge in virtual love making all the time. In fact, we had a virtual off the wrist just this morning. Note to hoteliers: this sounds all well and good, but don't take away our trouser press.

Turkmenistan in 'Not Maldives' shocker

Judith Chalmers might not be hot-footing it there just yet, but we're sure many globetrotters will be glad to learn that Awaza, a new resort on the Caspian sea in Turkmenistan, is open for business. Of course, to truly enjoy yourself you'll have to ignore the food that sticks in your craw when you contemplate the appalling human right's record of the authoritarian USSR-hangover of a government. Or if you're an apolitical wretch, perhaps the rusty brown tap water will not be to your taste. Other delights: the airport there only accepts domestic flights, it's next to impossible to get a visa, the Caspian Sea is clap cold all year round and probably full of effluent, and one of the best views is of an oil refinery. So: not quite the Maldives, but probably better than Filey, on balance. ♣

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Sandy shows she's still got it!

Katy shows she's just got it!

Marry shows she really wants it!

DANIELLE MAYE!

OR SHE MAY NOT. JUST WAIT AND SEE...

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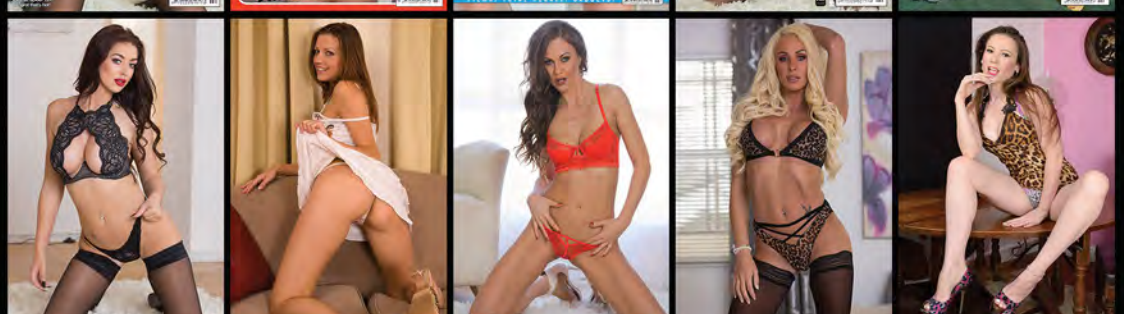

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